

THE
CHERRIE
AND THE
SLAVE,

COMPYLT INTO
SCOTTIS MEETER,
BY CAPTAIN
ALEX. MONTGOMERY.

K
FIRST PRINTED MDXCVII BY
ROBERT WALGRAVE PRINTER
TO KING JAMES VI.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROBERT FOULIS
MDCCXLVI.

THE
CHERRY

AND THE

SLAVE

CONSTITUTION

SCOTTISH METHOD

BY CAPTAIN

ALEX. MONTEGOMERY

FIRST PRINTED IN LONDON BY

ROBERT WALKER, STATIONER



A

The m
The li
salutit
Quhen

To Pr
How
And fa
Quhill

To sch
To he
dout

2 T

The c
To ge
The j

The c
They
The p
Can o

The t
And e
Repeti
How f

By ly
His sch

3 I

In hid
To ma
The c

A BOUT an bank with balmy bewis,
Quhair nyctingales thair notis renewis
With gallant goldspinks gay;

The mavis, merle, and progne proud,
The lintquhyt, lark and lavrock loud,
salutit mirthful May.

Quhen Philomel had sweetly sung,

To Progne scho deplord,

How Tereus cut out hir tung,

And falsly her deflourd;

Quhilk story so forie

To schaw hir self scho seimt,

To heir hir so neir hir,

doutit if I dreimt.

2 The cushat crouds, the corbie crys,

The coukow couks, the prattling pyes,

To geck hir they begin:

The jargoun or the jangling jayes,

The craiking craws, and keckling kays,

They deavt me with thair din.

The painted pawn with Argos eyis,

Can on his mayock call;

The turtle wails on witherit tries,

And eccho answers all,

Repeting with greiting,

How fair Narcissus fell,

By lying and spying

His schadow in the well.

3 I saw the hurcheon and the hare

In hidlings hirpling heir and thair,

To mak thair morning mange.

The con, the cuning and the cat,

Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
With stif mustachis strange.

The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,

The fulmart and false fox;

The beardit buck clam up the brae,

With birffy bairs and brocks;

Sum feiding, sum dreiding

The hunters subtle snairs,

With skipping and tripping,

They playit them all in pairs.

4 The air was sobir, fast and sweit,

Nae misty vapours, wind nor weit,

But quyit, calm and clear,

To foster Floras fragrant flowris,

Quhairon Apollos paramouris,

Had trinklit mony a teir;

The quhilk lyke silver schaikers shynd,

Embroydering bewties bed,

Quhairwith their heavy heids declynd,

In Mayis collouris cled.

Sum knoping, sum dropping,

Of balmy liquour sweit,

Excelling and smelling,

Throw Phebus hailsum heit.

5 Methought an heavenlie heartsum thing,

Quhair dew lyke diamonds did hing,

Owre twinkling all the treis,

To study on the flurist twists,

Admiring natures alchymists,

Laborious buffie bies,

Quhair of sum sweitest honie socht,

To stay thair lyves frae sterve,

And

And sum the waxie veschells wrocht,
Thair purchase to preserve;
So heiping, for keiping
It in thair hyves they hyde,
Precisely and wysely,
For winter they provyde.

6 To pen the pleasures of that park,
How every blossom branch and bark,
Against the sun did shyne,
I pass to poetis to compyle,
In hich heroick staitlie style,
Quhais muse surmatches myne.
But as I lukit myne alane,
I saw a river rin
Outowre a steipie rock of stane,
Syne lichtit in a lin,
With tumbling, and rumbling
Among the roches round,
Devalling and falling,
Into a pit profound.

7 Throw rowting of the river rang,
The roches sounding lyke a fang,
Quhair Das Kane did abound;
With triple, tenor, counter, mein,
And ecchoe blew a base betwene,
In diapason found,
Set with rhe *C-fol--fa--uth* cleif,
With lang and large at list;
With quaver, crotchet, semibreif,
And not an minum mist,
Compleitly mair sweetly
Scho fridound flat and schairp,

Nor mufes that ufes
To pin Apollos harp.

8 Quha wald haif tyrt to heir that tune,
Quhilk birds corroborate ay abune,
With lays of luvesum larks,
Quhilk clim fae high in chryftal skys,
Quhyle Cupid walkens with the crys,
Of natures chappel clerks,
Quha leving all the hevins abuve,
Allichted on the cird.

Lo how that little lord of lue,
Before me thair appeird,
Sae myld lyke and chyld lyk,
With bow three quarters scant,
Syne moylie and cöylie,
He lukit lyke ane fant.

9 Ane cleinly crisf hang owre his eyis,
His quaver by his nakit thysis
Hang in an silver lace;
Of gold betwixt his schoulders grew,
'Twa pretty wings quhair with he flew,
On his left arm ane brace.
This God sone aff his geir he schuke,
Upon the grassie grund;
I ran als lichtly for to luke,
Quhair ferlies nicht be fund:
Amasit I gasit
To see his geir fae gay,
Persaifing myne haveing,
He countit me his prey.

10 His zouth and stature made me stout,
Of doubleness I had nae doubt,

But

But b
Quod
Cup
Plea
For I
If yo
With
Or fla
Mak
Or of
But c
With

11

To h
To f
Or qu
Bow,
Sum
That
Zit I
Quha
But r
His v
And
Go f
And

12

Quha
To l
As I
I mo
Owr

But bourded with my boy:
 Quod I, how call they thee my chyld,
 Cupido, Sir, quod he, and smyld,
 Please you me to imploy;
 For I can serve you in your suite,
 If you please to impyre,
 With wings to flie, and schafsts to schute
 Or flamis to set on fyre.
 Mak choice then of those then,
 Or of a thousand things,
 But crave them and have them,
 With that I woud his wings.

11 Quhat wald thou gif my friend, *quod he,*
 To haif thir wanton wings to flie,
 To sport thy sprit a quhyle;
 Or quhat gif I suld lend the heir,
 Bow, quaver, schafsts and schuting geir,
 Sum body to begyle:
 That geir, *quod I,* cannot be bocht,
 Zit I wald haif it fain;
 Quhat gif, *quod he,* it cost thee nocht,
 But rendering all again:
 His wings then he brings then,
 And band them on my back,
 Go flie now, *quod he,* now,
 And sae my leif I tak.

12 I sprang up with Cupidoes wings,
 Quha bow and schuting geir resigns,
 To lend me for a day:
 As Icarus with borrowit flicht,
 I mountit hichar nor I micht,
 Owre perrelous ane play;

The

Then furth I drew that double dart
 Quhilk sumtyme schot his mother,
 Quhairwith I hurt my wanton hairt,
 In hope to hurt ane uther :
 It hurt me or burnt me,
 Quhyle either end I handill;
 Cum se now in me now
 The butter-flie and candill.

13 As scho delys into the low,
 Sae was I browdin of my bow,
 Als ignorant as scho;
 And as scho flies quhyl scho be fyrt,
 Sua with the dart that I defyrt,
 My hand has hurt me to;
 As fulish Phaeton be fute
 His fathers cart obtain'd,
 Sa langt I in lufis bow to schute,
 Not marking quhat it meind;
 Mair wilfull than skilfull,
 To flie I was sae fond,
 Defyryng, aspyryng;
 And sae was fene upond.

14 Too late I knew quha hewis to hie,
 The spail fall fall into his cie,
 Too late I went to schuils;
 Too late I heard the swallow preich,
 Too late experience dois teich,
 The schuil-maister of fuils;
 Too late to fynd the nest I seik,
 Quhen all the birds ar flowin;
 Too late the stabl-dore I steik,
 Quhen all the steids ar flowin;

Too

Too late ay thair state ay,

All fulish folk espy,

Behind sae, they find sae

Remeid, and sae do I.

15 Gif I had rylie bene advysit,

I had not raschly enterprysit,

To soir with borrowit penns;

Nor zit had scyde the archer-craft,

To schute my sell with sik a schaft,

As reason quyte miskenns:

Frae wilfullness gaif me my wound,

I had nae force to flie,

Then came I grainand to the ground,

Freind, welcum hame, *quod he*:

Quhair flew ze? Quhome flew ze?

Or quha brings hame the buiting?

I se now, *quod he*, now,

Zehaif bene at the schuting.

16 As skorne cums commonlie with skaith,

So I behuist to byde them baith,

Sae stakking was my stait!

That undir cure I gat sik chek,

Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek,

But eythir stail or mait;

My agony was sae extreme,

I swelt and sfound for feir,

But or I walkynt of my dreme,

He spulzied me of my geir;

With slicht then on hicht then

Sprang Cupid in the skyis,

Forzetting and setting

At nocht my cairfull cryis.

Sae

17 Sae lang with sicht I followit him,
 Quhyle baith my dazelit eyis grew dim
 With stairing on the starns,
 Quhilk flew sae thick befor my ein,
 Sum reid, sum zellow, blew, sum grene,
 Quhilk trublit all my harns,
 That every thing apperit twae
 To my barbulzeit brain,
 But lang nicht I ly luiking sae,
 Or Cupid came again;
 Quhais thundering, with wondering,
 I hard up throw the air,
 Throw cluds so he thuds fo,
 And flew I wist not quhair.

18 Then frae I saw that God was gane,
 And I in langour left allane,
 And fair tormentit to;
 Sumtyme I sicht, quhyl I was sad,
 Sumtyme I must and maist gane mad,
 I wist not quhat to do;
 Sumtyme I ravit, half in a rage,
 As ane into dispair,
 To be opprest with sic a page,
 Lord gif my heart was fair;
 Lyke Dido, Cupido,
 I widdill and I warie,
 Quha rest-me and left me
 In sic a feirie-farie.

19 Then felt I curage and desyre
 Inflame my heart with uncouth fyre,
 To me befor unknown;
 But now nae blude in me remains

Unbrunt

Inbrunt and boyld within my vaines,
By lue his bellies blawin?
To quench it or I was devorit,
With sighs I went about,
But ay the mair I schupe to smorit,
The baulder it brak out;
Ay preising bot ceising,
Quhyl it micht breik the bounds,
My hew so furth schew fo
The dolour of my wounds.

20 With deidly visage, pail and wan,
Mair lyke anatomy than man,
Widdert clein away,
As wax befor the fyre, I felt
My heart within my bosom melt,
And peice and peice decay,
My veines with brangling lyk to brek,
My punfis lap with pith;
Sae fervency did me infek,
That I was vext thairwith:
My heart ay did start ay,
The fyrie flamis to flie,
Ay howping, throw lowping,
To leap at libertie.

21 But, O alace! it was abusit,
My cairfull corps keipt it incluisit,
In presond of my breift;
With sighs sae sowpit and owre-set,
Lyk to ane fisch fast in the net,
In deid thraw undeceist;
Quha thocht in vain scho stryve by strenth
For to pull out hir heid,

Quhilk

Quhilk profits naething at the length,
 But haistning to hir deid;
 With wristing and thirsting,
 The faster still is scho,
 Thair I so did ly so,
 My death advancing to.

22 The mair I wrestlit with the wind,
 The faster still my self I find,
 Nae mirth my mynd nicht meise;
 Mair noy, nor I, had nevir nane,
 I was sae altert and owre-gane,
 Throw drowth of my diseise:
 Zit weakly as I nicht I raise,
 My sicht grew dim and dark,
 I stakkerit at the windill-straes,
 Nae takin I was stark;
 Baith sichtles and nichtles
 I grew allmaist at ains,
 In angwische I langwische,
 With mony grievous grains.

23 With sober pace I did approach
 Hard to the river and the roche,
 Quhairof I spak befor;
 The river sic a murmur maid,
 As to the sea it fastly flaid,
 The craig hich, stay and schoir:
 Then pleasure did me sae provok
 Thair partly to repair,
 Betwixt the river and the rock,
 Quhair *houp* grew with *dispaire*;
 A trie than I sie than
 Of CHERRIES on the braes,

The CHERRIE and the SLAE.

13

Below to I saw to
Anne bus of bitter SLAES.

24 The cherries hang abune my heid,
Lyke twynkland rubies round and reid,
Sae high up in the hewch,
Quhais schaddowis in the river schew,
Als graithly glancing as they grew
On trimbling twistis, and tewch,
Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair birn,
Declyning down thair toppis,
Reflex of Phebus aff the Firth,
New colourit all thair knoppis;
With danfing and glansing,
In tyrls dornik champ,
Quhilk streimaned and leimed
Throw lichtness of that lamp.

25 With earnest eie, quhyl I espy
The fruit betwixt me and the sky,
Half-gaite almaist to hevin;
The craig sae cumbersum to clim,
The trie sae tall of growth, and trim,
As ony arrow evin:
I calld to mynd how Daphne did
Within the laurell schrink,
Quhen from Appollo scho hir hid
A thousand tymes I think;
That trie thair to me thair,
As he his laurell thocht,
Aspyring, bot tyring,
To get that fruit I focht.

26 To clim the craig it was nae but,
Let be to preifs to pull the fruit
In top of all the trie;
I saw nae way quhairby to cum,
Be ony craft to get it clum,
Appeirandlie to me:
The craig was ugly, stay and dreich,
The trie lang, found and small,

B

I was

I was affrayd to clum sa hich,
 For feir to fetch a fall;
 Affrayit to fey it,
 I luikit up on lost,
 Quhys minting, ~~quhys minting~~,
 My purpose changit oft.

27 Then dreid, with danger and *dispair*,
 Forbad my minting onie mair;
 To rax abune my reiche;
 Quhat, Tutche, quod *courage*, man go to,
 He is but dast that has to do,
 And spairs for every speiche;
 For I haif aft hard suith men say,
 And we may see ourselfs,
 That fortune helps the hardy ay,
 And pultrones plain repells;
 Then feir nocht nor heir nocht,
 Dreid, danger or *dispair*,
 To fazarts hard hazarts,
 Is deid or they cum thair.

28 Quha speids, but sic as heich aspyris,
 Quha triumphs nocht, but sic as tryes
 To win a nobill name;
 Of schrinking, quhat but schame succeds,
 Then do as thou wald haif thy deids
 In register of fame:
 I put the cais thou nocht prevaild,
 Sae thou with honour die;
 Thy lyfe, but not thy courage, faild,
 Sall poets pen of thee:
 Thy name than from fame than
 Sall nevir be cut aff,
 Thy graif ay fall haif ay
 That honest epitaff.

29 Quhat can thou losse, quhen honour lives?
 Renown (thy vertew) ay revives,
 Gif valiauntlie thou end:
 Quod danger, huly, freind, tak heid;

Untymour

Untymous spurring spills the steid;
Tak tent quhat ze pretend;
Thocht *courage* counsell thee to clim,
Beware thou kep nae skaith,
Haif thou nae help but *hope* and him,
They may begyle thee baith:
Thysell now may tell now
The counsell of thae clerks;
Quhiarthrow zit I trow zit
Thy breist dois beir the marks.

30 Brunt bairn with fyre the *danger* dreids,
a I belief thy bosome bleids,
Ten last that fyre thou felt:
Besyds that, feindle tymes thou seis
That evir *courage* keips the keis
Of knowledge at his belt;
Thocht he bid fordwart with his guns,
Small powder he provyds,
Be not ane novice of that nunnies,
That saw nocht baith the fyds;
Fule-haift ay almaift ay,
Dwre-fails the sicht of tum,
Quha huiks not, nor luiks not
Quhat estirward may cum.

31 Zit wisdom wisches thee to wey
This figure in philosophy,
A lessoun worth to leir,
Quhilk is in tyme for to tak tent,
And not quhen tyme is past, repent,
And buy repentance deir;
Is thair nae honour estir tye,
Except thou slay thysell,
Quhairfoir has Atropos that knyfe?
I trow thou cannot tell:
Quha bot it wald cut it,
Quhilk Clotho skairs has spun,
Distroying thy joying
Befoir it be begun.

32 All owres ar repute to be vyce,
 Owre hich, owre law, owre rafch, owre nyce;
 Owre het or zit owre cauld;
 Thou feims unconstant, be thy figns,
 Thy thocht is on a thousand things,
 Thou wats not quhat thou wald;
 Let fame hir pitie on the poure,
 Quhen all thy banes ar brokin,
 Zone SLAE, fuppose thou think it foure,
 May fatisfic to flokkin
 Thy drouth now, of zouth now,
 Quhilk dryes thee with defyre,
 Affwage than thy rage, man,
 Foul watter quenches fyre.

33 Quhat fule are thou to die of thirst,
 And now may quench it, gif thou lift,
 Sae eafylie bot pain;
 Mair honour is to vanquifch ane
 Than feicht with tenfum and be tane,
 And owther hurt or flain:
 The prattick is to bring to pas,
 And not to enterpryse,
 And als gude drinking out of glas
 As gold in ony ways;
 I levir haif evir
 A foul in hand or tway,
 Nor fieand ten fieand
 About me all the day.

34 Luke quhair thou licht befor thou lowp,
 And flip na certainty for howp,
 Quha gyds thee but begets.
 Quod *courage*, cowards, tak nae cure
 To fit with fchame, fae they be fure,
 Flyke them all the lefs;
 Quhat plefure purcheft is bot pain,
 Or honour win with eife,
 He will not ly quhair he is flain,
 That douttis befor he dies:

For *feir* then I heir then,
But only ane remeid,
Quhilk latt is, and that is
For to cut aff the heid.

35 Quhat is the way to heil thy hurt?
Quhat is the way to stay thy sturt?
Quhat meins may mak thee merrie?
Quhat is the comfort that thou craivs?
Suppose thir sophists thee defaivs:

Thou knows it is the *Cherrie*;
Sen for it only thou but thrists,
The *Slae* can be nae buit:
In it also thy helth consists,
And in nae uther fruit;
Quhy quaiks now, and *schaiks* thou?
And studys at our sryse,
Advyse thee, it lyes thee,
On ne less than thy lyfe.

36 Gif any patient wald be pansit,
Quhy suld he lowp quhen he is lanit,
Or schrink quhen he is schorn;
For I haif hard chirurgians say,
Aftymes defferring of a day,
Micht not be mend the morn.
Tak tyme in tyme, or tyme be tint;
For tyme will not remain:
Quhat forces fyre out of the flint,
But als hard match again.
Delay not, and fray not,
And thou fall sic it sae,
Sic gets ay that setts ay,
Stout stomaks to the brae.

37 Thocht all beginnings be maist hard,
The end is plesand afterward;
Then schrink not for a schowre;
Frae anes that thou thy greining get,
Thy pain and travel is forzet.
The sweet exceids the soure;

Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,
 For *howp* gude hap hes hecht.
 Quod *danger* be not sudden, Sir,
 The matter is of wecht;
 First spy baith, and try baith,
 Advysement does nane ill,
 I say then, ye may then,
 Be willful quhen ze will.

38 But zit to mind the proverb call,
Quha uses perills perish fall,
 Schort quhyle thair lyfe them lasts:
 And I haif hard, *quod howp*, that he
 Sall nevir schaip to sail the se,
 That for all perills casts.
 How many throw *dispair* are deid,
 That nevir perills preivt?
 How many also, gif thou reid,
 Of lyves have we releivt?
 Quha being evin dieing,
 Bot danger, but *dispaire*;
 A hunder, I wonder,
 But thou hast hard declaird.

39 Gif we twa hald not up thy heart,
 Quhilk is the cheif and noblest part,
 Thy wark wald not gang weil,
 Considering thae companions can
 Diswade a silly simple man,
 To hasard for his heil,
 Suppose they haif defavit sum,
 Or they and we micht meit;
 They get nae credence quhair we cum,
 With ony man of spreit,
 By reasoun thair treasoun
 Be us is first espyt,
 Reveiling thair deiling,
 Quhilk dow not be denyt:

40 With sleikit sophisms seiming sweet,
 As all thair doings war discreit,

They

They wiſh thee to be wyſe,
Poſtponing tyme frae hour to hour,
But faith in underneath the flowr,
The lurking ſerpent lyes;
Suppoſe thou ſeiſ her not a flyme,
Till that ſcho ſtings thy fute:
Perſaivs thou nocht quhat precious tyme,
Thy ſlewthing does owreſchute.
Allace man! thy caſe man,
In lingring I lament,
Go to now and do now,
That courage be content:

41 Quhat gif melancholy cum in,
And get ane grip or thou begin,
Than is thy labour loſt;
For he will hald thee hard and faſt,
Till tyme and place and fruit be paſt,
And thou give up the ghooſt:
Than ſall be graivd upon the ſtane,
Quhilk on thy graif is laid,
Sumtyme thair lived ſic a ane;
But how ſall it be ſaid?
Here lyes now, but pryſe now
Into diſhoners bed,
An cownt as thou art,
That from his fortune fled:

42 Imagyne man, gif thou wer laid
In graif, and ſyne micht heir this ſaid,
Wald thou not ſweit for ſchame?
Yes, faith I doubt nocht but thou wald:
Therefor gif thou has ene behald,
How they wald ſmoir thy fame.
Gae to and mak nae mair excuſe,
Or lyſe and honour loſe,
And outhier them or us reſuſe,
There is nae uther choſe.
Conſider togidder
That we can nevir dwell,

At

At length ay by strenth ay
Thac pultrones we expell.

43 Quod *danger*, sen I understand,
That counsell can be nae command,
I have nae mair to say,
Except gif that he thocht it good;
Tak counsell zit or ze conclude
Of wyser men nor they.
They are but rackles, zounge and rasche,
Suppose they think us fleid;
Gif of our fellowschip zou fasche,
Gang with them hardly beit.
God speid zou, they leid zou,
That has not meikle wit.
Expell us, zeil tell us,
Heirastir comes not zit.

44 Quhyle *danger* and *dispair* retyrt,
Experience came in and speirt
Quhat all the matter meind;
With him came *reason*, wit and skill,
And they began to speir at will,
Quhair mak ze to my friend?
To pluck zone lusty Cherrie loc,
Quod he, and quyte the Slae:
Quod they, is there nae mair ado,
Or ze win up the brae?
But to it, and do it,
Perforce the fruit to pluck,
Weil, brother, sum uther
Were better to conduft.

45 We grant ze may be gude aneuch;
But zit the hazard of zon heuch,
Requyris ane graver gyde;
As wyse as ze are may gae wrang;
Thairfore tak counfaiil or ze gang
Of sum that stand besyde.
But quha war zon three ze forbad
Zour company richt now;

Quod *will*, three prechours to perswad,
The poyfond Slae to pow.
They trattlit and prattellit,
A lang half hour and mair;
Foul fall them, they call them
dreid, danger and despair.

46 They are mair faschious nor of feck,
Zon fazards durst not for thair neck
Clim up the craig with us;
Frae we determinit to die,
Or else to clim zon cherrie tric,
They baid about the bufs,
They are conditioned lyk the cat,
They wald not weit thair feit,
But zit gif ony fisch ze gat,
They wald be fain to eit.
Thocht they now, I say now,
To hazard haif nae heart,
Zit luck we and pluck we,
The fruit they wald haif part.

47 But frae we get our voyage wun,
They fall not than a Cherrie cun,
That wald not enterpryse;
Weil, quod *experience*, ze boist;
But he that counts without his oist,
He astentymes counts twyse.
Ze sell the beirs skin on his back,
But byde quhyle ze it get;
Quhen ze have done, its tyme to crack:
Ze fish befor the net.
Quhat haist, Sir, ze taist, Sir,
The Cherry or ze pou it;
Bewar zit, ze ar zit
Mair talkative nor trowit.

48 Call danger back again, quod *skill*,
To se quhat he can say to *will*,
We see him schod fae strait:
We may nocht trow quhat ilk anc tells;

Quod

Quod *courage* we concludit ells,
 He servis not for our mait;
 For I can tell zou all perqueir
 His counsail or he cum:
 Quod *will* quhairto foud he cam heir,
 He cannot hald his hindum;
 He speiks ay, and seiks ay
 Delay of tyme be drifts;
 He griewis us, and deivs us,
 With sophistries and schifts.

49 Quod *reasoun*, quhy was he debard?
 The tale is ill may not be hard,
 Zet let us heir him anis:
 Then *danger* to declair began,
 How *hope* and *courage* took the man,
 To leid him all thair lains;
 For they wald haif him up the hill, I
 Bot owther stap or stay:
 And quha was welcomer than *will*,
 He wald be formost ay;
 He could do, and fould do,
 Quha evir wald or nocht,
 Sic speiding proceeding
 Unlyklye was I thoct.

50 Thairfore I wislit them to bewar
 And rashly not to run owre far,
 Without sic gyds as ze.
 Quod *courage*, freind, I heir zou fail,
 Tak bettir tent unto zour tale,
 Ze said it could not be;
 Befydis that ze wald not consent,
 That evir we suld clim:
 Quod *will* for my pairt I repent,
 We saw them mair than him:
 For they are the stayer
 Of us, as weil as he;
 I think now they schrink now,
 Go forwart let them be.

51 Go, go, we naithing do but gucks;
 They say the voyage nevir luks,
 Quhair ilk ane has a vote.
 Quod *wisdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,
 We were nae warse ~~your~~ vote to want,
 Sum sentance heir I note.
 Suppose ze speak it but beges,
 Sum fruit thairin I fynd;
 Ze wald be forward I confess,
 And cums aftyms behynd.
 It may be that they be,
 Defavit that nevir doutit;
 Indeid, Sir that heid, Sir,
 Has mekle wit about it.

52 Then willfull *will* began to rage,
 And sware he saw naithing in age,
 But anger, yre and grudge;
 And for my sell, quod he, I sweir
 To quat all my companzions heir,
 Gif they admit zou judge.
Experience is grown fae auld,
 That he begins to rave;
 The laif but *courage* are fae cauld,
 Nae hazarding they haif;
 For *danger*, far stranger
 Has made them than they war,
 Gae frae then, we pray then,
 That nowther dow nor dar.

53 Quhy may not these three leid this ane,
 I led an hunder myne alane,
 Bot counsal of them all.
 I grant quod *wisdom* ze haif led;
 But I wald speir how mony sped,
 Or furdert bot a fall.
 But owther few or nane I trow,
Experience can tell;
 He says the man may wyte but zou:
 The first tyme that he fell.

He

He kens then, quhais penns then,
Thou borrowit him to flee;
His wounds zet, that stounds zet,
He gat them then throu thee.

54 That, quod *experience*, is trew;
Will flatterit him quhen first he flew;
Will set him in a low.
Will was his counsell and convoy,
To borrow frae the blindit boy;
Baith quaver, wings and bow;
Quhairwith before he seyed to shute,
He nowther zield to zouth,
Nor zet had neid of ony fruit,
To quench his deidlie drouth.
Quhilk pyns him and dwyns him
To deid, I wate not how,
Gif *will* then did ill then,
Himself remembers now.

55 For I *experience* was thair
Lyke as I use to be all quhair,
Quhat tyme he wytit *will*
To be the grund of all his greif,
As I my self can be a preif
And witness thairuntill:
Thair are nae bounds but I haif bene,
Nor hidlings frae me hid,
Nor secret things that I haif fene
That he or ony did:
Thairfoir now, no moir now,
Let him think to conceild;
For quhy now, even I now
Am det bound to reveild.

56 My custome is for to declair
The truth, and nowther eik nor pare,
For ony man a jot:
Gif wilfull *will* delysts in leis,
Example in thy self thou seis
How he can turn his coat;

And

And
The
Tho
Tho
Quh
To
Thin
Quoc

57
Subm
I wa
Our
Prov
To p
And
That
Sae h
Let t
Sic co
All h
That
Quod

58
That
For to
Quod
He no
Till h
First
He ne
Thy
Empa
Baith
Persai
To tu
And b

59
Far be

And with his language wald allure
Thee zet to brek thy bairns:
Thou knaws thy self, gif he was sure,
Thou used his counsell anes,
Quha wald zet be bauld zet,
To wrak thee war not we,
Think on now of zon now,
Quod *wisdom* then to me.

57 Weil, quod *experience*, gif he
Submits himself to you and me,
I wate quhat I sould say,
Our gude advyse he fall not want,
Provyding always that he grant
To put zon *will* away,
And banisch baith him and *dispair*,
That all gude purpose spills;
Sae he will mell with them *nae mair*,
Let them twa flyte their fills,
Sic coiffing bot lossing,
All honest men may use;
That change now were *strange now*,
Quod *reason*, to refuse.

58 Quod *will*, fy on him quhen he flew,
That poud not Cherries then anew,
For to haif stayd his sturt.
Quod *reason*, thocht he bear the blame,
He nowther saw nor neidit them,
Till he himself had hurt:
First quhen he mistert not, he *nicht*,
He neids and may now
Thy foly quhen he had his *sicht*,
Empashed him to pow.
Baith he now and we now
Persaive thy purpose plain
To turn him, and burn him,
And blaw on him again.

59 Quod *skill*, quhy suld we langer stryve?
Far better late than never thryve,

Cum let us help him *ze*,
 Tint tyme we may not get *again*,
 We wast but present tyme in *vain*,
 Beware with that, quod *wit*,
 Speik on, *experience*, lets *se*,
 We think ze hald ze dum,
 Of byganes I haif hard, quod *he*,
 I know not things to cum.
 Quod *reason*, the season
 With slowthing flyds away,
 First tak him and mak him
 A man gif that ze may.

60 Quod *will*, gif he be not a man,
 I pray zou, Sirs, quhat is he than?
 He lukes lyke ane at leif.
 Quod *reason*, gif he follow thee,
 And mynd not to remain with me,
 Nocht but a brutal beif:
 A man in schape doth not consist,
 For all zour taunting tales,
 Thairfoir, Sir *will*, I wald ze wif
 Zour metaphysick fails
 Gae leir zit a zeir zit
 Zour logick at the schulis,
 Sum day then ze may then
 Pass master with the mulis.

61 Quod *will*, I marvell quhat ze mein,
 Suld not I trow my ain twa een,
 For all zour logick schulis,
 If I did not I war not wyse:
 Quod *reason*, I haif tald zou thryse,
 Nane ferlies mair than fulis;
 Thair be mae fences than the sicht,
 Quhilk ze owre-hale for haste,
 To wit, gif ze remember richt,
 Smell, heiring, touch, and taste,
 All quick things haif sic things,
 I mein baith man and beif,

By kynd then, we fynd then
Few laks them in the leift.

62 Sae be that consequens of thyne,

Or syllogisim said lyke a swyne,

A cow may teach thee lair;

Thou uses only but thyne eies,

Scho touches, tastes, smells, heirs, and scis,

Quhilk matches thee and mair:

But since to triumph ze intend,

As presently appeirs,

Sir, for zour clergie, to be kend,

Tak ze twa asses eirs;

Nae myter perfyter

Gat Midas for his meid,

That hude Sir is gude Sir

To hap zour brain-sick heid.

63 Ze haif nae feil for to defyne,

Thoch ze haif cunning to declyne

A man to be a mule,

With litle wark zit ze may vowd

To grow a galant horse and gude,

To ryde thairon at zule:

But to our ground quhair we began,

For all zour gustless jests,

I must be master to the man,

But thou to brutall beists;

Sae we twae maun be twae,

To cause baith kynds be knawn,

Keip thyne then frae myne then,

And ilk ane use thair awin.

64 Then will as angrie as an ape,

Ran ramping sweiring rude and rape,

Saw he none other schift;

He wald not want ane inch of will,

Quhither it did him gude or ill,

For thirty of his thrift;

He wald be formoisit in the feild,

And master gif he nicht,

Yea he suld rather die than **ziel**,
 Though *reason* had the richt:
 Shall he now mak me now
 His subiect or his **slaf**,
 Na rather, my father
 Shall quick gang to his **graif**.

65 I hecht him quhyle my heart is **heat**,
 To perisch first or he prevail,
 Cum after quhat so may:
 Quod *reason*, dout ze not indeed,
 Ze hit the nail upon the heid,
 It fall be as ze say.
 Suppose ze spur for to aspyre,
 Zour brydle wants a bit,
 That meir may leif zou in the **myre**,
 As sicker as ze sit.
 Zour sentance, repentance,
 Sall learn zou, I believè,
 And anger zou langer,
 Quhen ze that prattick priue.

66 As ze haif dyted zour decreit,
 Zour prophesie to be complete,
 Perhaps, and to zour pains,
 It has been said, and may be **fac**,
 A wilfull man wants nevir **wac**,
 Thocht he gets litle gains.
 But sen ze think it easy thing
 To mount aboif the mune,
 Of zour awin fidle tak a **spring**,
 And daunce quhen ze haif done;
 If than Sir the man Sir
 Lykes of zour mirth, he may,
 But speir first and heir **first**
 Quhat he himself will say.

67 Then all together they began
 To say, cum on, thou martyrit man,
 Quhat is thy will, advyse?
 Abaisd a bony quhyle I baid,

And

And mufd or I my answer maid,
I turned me anes or twyfe,
Behalding ilky ane about,
Quhais motions muvit me maift,
Sum feimd affurd, sum dred for dout,
Will ran reid-wod for haift,
With wringing and flinging,
For madnefs lyke to mang;
Dispair to, for care to,
Wald neids himfelf gae hang.

68 Quhylk quhen *experience* perflavit,
Quod he, remember gif we ravit,
As will alledgt of lait,
Quhen that he fware he naithing faw
In age, but anger, flak and flaw,
And cankert of confait;
Ze could not luck as he aledgt,
That all opinions fpeirt,
He was fae frak and fyrie edgt,
He thoct us four but feirt:
Quha panfis, quhat chanfis,
Quod he, nae worfchip wins,
To sum beft fall cum beft
That hap weil rak weil rins.

69 Zit, quod *experience*, behald,
For all the tales that he has tald,
How he himfelf behaifs,
Because *dispair* could not cum fpeid,
Lo quhair he hangs all but the heid,
And in a widdy waifs:
Gif zou be fure anes thou may fe,
To men that with them mells,
Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
Confidder be themfells.
Then chufe thee to ufe thee,
By us, or fic as zone,
Say fone now, haif done now,
Mak owther aff or on.

70 Persaves thou not quhairfrae proceeds
 The frantick fantasie that feids;
 Thy furious flaming fyre,
 Quhilk dois thy bailfull breist combuir,
 That nane but we, quod they, can cuir,
 Or help thy hearts disyre:
 The persing passion of thy spreit
 That waists thy vital breath,
 Has holit thy heavy heart with heit,
Desyre draws on thy death.
 Thy puncis renounois
 All kynd of quiet rest,
 That sever has ever
 Thy person sae oppress.

71 Coud thou cum ahes acquaint with *skill*,
 He kens quhat humors dois the ill,
 And how thy cair contracks;
 He knows the ground of all thy greife,
 And recipies for thy releife,
 All medicines he maks:
 Cum on, quod *skill*, content am I
 To put my helping hand,
 Providing allways he apply
 To counsell and command;
 Quhyle we than, quod he, than,
 Ar mindit to remain,
 Gife place now, in case now
 Thou get us not again.

72 Assure thyself, gif that we sched,
 Thou sall not get thy purpose sped,
 Tak tent we haif thee tald;
 Haif done, and dryve not aff the day,
 The man that will not quhen he may,
 He sall not quhen he wald.
 Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wist,
 Accept or gife us owre:
 Quod I, I think me mair than blis
 To find sic famous four

Befyde

Befyde me, to gyde me,
Now quhen I haif to do,
Confiddering the swiddering
ze fand me first into.

73 Quhen *courage* craift a *stamok stout*,
And *danger* draif me into *dout*,
With his companzion *dreid*:
Quhyls *will* wald up aboif the air,
Quhyls I was droun in deip *dispair*,
Quhyls *hope* held up my heid:
ic pithy refouns and replys
On ilka syde they schew,
That I quha was not verie *wyle*.
Thocht all thair tales wer trew
ae mony and bony
Auld problemes they propond
saith quicklie and liklie,
marveld mekle ond.

74 Zit *hope* and *courage* wan the feild,
Thocht *dreid* and *danger* neir wald zeild,
ut fled to find refuge;
wa, fra zou four met, they wer fain,
ecause ze gart us cum again,
They greind to get ze judge:
Quhair they wer fugitive befoir,
ou maid them frank and fre,
To speik and stand in aw nae moir,
Quod *reason*, swa suld be:
ft tymes now, bot crymes now,
ut even *per* force it falls
The strang ay, with wrang ay,
ut weaker to the walls.

75 Quhilk is a fault ze maun confess,
rength is not ordained to oppress
With rigour, bye the richt;
ut on the contrair, to sustein
the waik-anes that owreburdent bein,
ls mekle as they nicht.

Sae *hope* and *courage* did, quod I,
 Experimented lyke
 Schaw skilld and pithie resouns quhy
 That *danger* lap the dyke.
 Quod dreid, Sir, tak heid, Sir,
 Lang speiking part maun spill,
 Insist not, ze wist not
 We went against our will.

76 With *courage* ze wer sae content,
 Ze nevir focht our small consent,
 Of us ze stude nae aw:
 Thair logick lessons ze allowt,
 Ze wer determined to trowit,
 Alledgence past for law;
 For all the proverbs we perusd,
 Ze thocht them skantly skilld,
 Our reasons had bein als weil rufd,
 Had ze bein als weil willd
 Till our syde as zour syde,
 Sae trewlie I may term it,
 We see now in thee now
 Affection dois affirm it.

77 Experience then smyrkling smyld,
 We are na bairns to be begyld,
 Quod he, and schuke his heid;
 For authors quha alledges us,
 They wald not gae about the bus,
 To foster deidlie feid:
 For we ar equall for ze all,
 Nae person we respect,
 We haif bene sae, ar zit, and fall
 Be found sae in effect.
 Gif we wer as ze wer
 We had cumd unrequyrd,
 But we now, ze see now,
 Do naithing undesyrd.

78 Thair is a sentence said be sum,
 Let nane uncald to counsell cum

That welcum weins to be;
 ea I haif hard anither zit,
 quha cum uncalt, unservd suld sit,
 perhaps, Sir, fae may ze.
 Judeman, gramercy for zour geck,
 quod hope, and lawly louts,
 if ze wer sent for, we suspect,
 because the doctour douts:
 our zeirs now appeir now
 With wisdom to be vext,
 rejoycing in glossing,
 ill ze haif tint zour text.

79 Quhair ze wer sent for, let us se
 quha wald be welcomer than we,
 tve that, and we ar payd.
 Weill, quod experience, beware,
 ken not in quhat case ze are,
 our tung has zour betrayd:
 he man may ablenz tyne a stot
 hat cannot count his kinsch,
 zour awin bow ze ar owre-schor
 mair than half ane inch:
 quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir,
 four, quhilk seimeth sweit;
 feir now ze heir now
 dangerous decreit.

80 Sir, by that sentence ze haif sayd,
 pledge, or all the play be playd,
 hat sum fall lose a laike;
 n ze but put me for to prove,
 heids as help for my behuve,
 our warrand is but waik:
 heir at the man zour self, and se,
 ppose ze stryve for state,
 if he regarded not how he
 ad learnd my lesson late;
 ad granted he wanted
 ith reason, wit and skill,

Com-

Compleining and meining
Our absence did him ill.

81 Confront him furdre face to face,
Gif zit he rews his rackles race,
Perhaps, and ze fall heir;
For ay since Adam and since Eve,
Quha first thy leifings did believe,
I sald thy doctrine deir:
Quhat has bein done, even to this day
I keip in mynd allmaist,
Ze promise furdre than ze pay,
Sir, hope for all zour haist;
Promitting, unwitting,
Zour hechts zou nevir huiked,
I schaw zou, I knaw zou,
Zour byganes I haif buiked.

82 I could, in case a count wer craivt,
Schaw thoufands thoufands thou defaivt,
Quhair thou was trew to ane;
And by the contrair I may vaunt,
Quhilk thou maun, thocht it grieve thee, grant,
I trumpit nevir a man,
But trewly tald the nakit truth
To men that melld with me,
For nowther rigour nor for rueth,
But only laith to lie:
To sum zit, to cum zit,
Thy suckour will be slicht,
Quhilk I then maun try then,
And register it richt.

83 Ha, ha! quod *hope*, and loudlie leuch,
Ze are but a prentise at the pleuch,
Experience ye prieve;
Suppose all byganes as ze spak,
Ze are nae prophet worth a plak,
Nor I bund to believe.
Ze suld not say, Sir, till ze se,
But quhen ye se it say;

fit, quod experience, at the
Mak mony mints I may,
By signs now, and things now
Quhilk ay befor me beirs,
Expressing by gueffing
The perril that appeirs.

84 Then *hope* replyd, and that with pith,
And wyselie weyd his words thairwith,
Sententiouflic and short :

Quod he I am the anchor grip
That saifs the sailours and their ship,
Frae perril to thair Port.

Quod he, aft times the anchor dryves,
As we haif fund befor,

And loses mony thousand lyves,
By shipwrack on the shore.

Zour grips aft, but slips aft

Quhen men haif maist to do,
Syne leivs them and reivs them

Of thy companzions to.

85 Thou leifs them not thy self alane,

But to thair grief quhen thou are gane,

Gars courage quhat them als;

Quod *hope*, I wald ze understude,

I grip fast gif the grund be gude,

And sleit quhair it is false;

Ther suld nae fault with me be fund;

Nor I accusd at all,

Wyte sic as suld haif plumd the grund,

Befor the anchor fall,

Their leid ay at neid ay,

Micht warn them if they wald,

Gif they thair wald stay thair,

Or haif gude anchor hald.

86 Gif ze reid richt it was not I,

But only ignorance quhairby

Thair carvells all wer cloven.

I am not for a trumper tane,

All, quod *experience*, is ane,
 I haif my procefs proven,
 To wit, that we wer cald ilk ane
 To cum before we came;
 That now objection ze haif nane,
 Zour self may say the same:
 Ze ar now owre far now,
 Cum forward for to flie;
 Perfave then ze haif then,
 The warst end of the trie.

87 Quhen *hope* was gawd into the quick,
 Quod *courage*, kicking at the prick,
 We let ze weil to wit.
 Mak he zou welcomer than we,
 Then byganes, byganes, fareweill he,
 Except he seik us zit:
 He understands his awn estate,
 Let him his Chiftains chuse;
 But zit his battill will be blate,
 Gif he our forfe refuse;
 Refuse us or chuse us,
 Our counsell is he clum;
 But stay he or stray he,
 We haif nae help for him.

88 Except the Cherrie be his chose;
 Be ze his freinds we are his soes,
 His doings we dispyte;
 Gif we perfave him settled sae,
 To satisfie him with the Slae,
 His companie we quyte:
 Then dreid and danger grew full glad,
 And wont that they had won;
 They thocht all seild that they had laid,
 Sen they had first begun;
 They thocht then they moucht then,
 Without a party pleid,
 But zit thair, with wit thair,
 They wer dung down with speid.

89 Sirs, *dreid* and *danger* then, quod *wit*,
Ze did zour sells to me submit,
Experience can proife.
That, quod *experience*, I past,
Thair awin confessions make them fast,
They may nae mair remoife;
For gif I richt remember me,
This maxime then they made,
To wit, the man with wit fould wey
Quhat philosophs haif said,
Quhilk sentance repentance
Forbad him dier to buy,
They knew then how tiew then,
And pres'd not to reply.

90 Thocht he dang *dreid* and *danger* down,
Zit *courage* could not be owrecum;
Hope hecht him sic a hyre;
He thocht himsell, how sone he saw,
His enemies were laid sae law,
It was nae tyme to tyre:
He hit the yron quhyle it was het,
In case it fould grow cauld;
For he esteemt his faes defate,
Quhen anes he fand them fald;
Thoch we now, quod he now,
Haif bein sae frie and frank,
Unsocht zit he mocht zit,
For kyndness cund us thank.

91 Suppose it sae as thou hast said,
That unrequyrd we proffert aid,
At leist that came of lue.
Experience ze start owre sone,
Ze naithing dow till all be done,
And then perhaps ze pruve,
Mair plain than pleasant to perchance,
Sum tell that have zou tryt,
As fast as ze zour sell advance;
Ze cannot weil denyt:

D

And

Abyde then zour tyde then,
And wait upon the wind,
Ze knaw Sir, ze aw, Sir,
To hald ze ay behind.

92 Quhen ze haif done sum duchtie deids,
Syne ze suld se how all succedeis,
To wryt them as they wer:
Friend, huly, hast not half sae fast,
Leist, quod *experience*, at last,
Ze buy my doctrine deir;
Hope puts that haste into zour heid,
Quhilk boyls zour barmy brain;
Howbeit fulis hast cums huly speid,
Fair hechts will mak fulis fain.
Sic smyling begyling
Bids feir not any freits;
Zit I now deny now,
That all is gold that gleits.

93 Suppose not silver all that shynes,
Aftymys a tentless merchand tynes,
For bying geir begets;
For all the vantage and the winning,
Gude buyers get at the beginning,
Quod *courage* nocht the less.
Quhys as gude merchants tynes as wins,
Gif auld mens tales be trew,
Suppose the pack cum to the pins,
Quha can his chance eschew.
Then gude Sir, conclude, Sir,
Gude buyers haif done baith,
Advance then, tak chance then,
As sundrie gude ships hath.

94 Quha wist quhat wald be cheip or deir,
Should neid to traffique but a zeir,
Gif things to cum were kend:
Suppose all bygane things be plain,
Zour prophesie is but prophane,
Ze had best behald the end;

Ze w
Alma
Torm
Since
Quha
Ze w
To c
Confe

95

Quha
Let us
Quhen
To re
His co
Quod
To do
I fall a
Quhat

They
At re
Allow
As gov

96

Quhat
His bi
He hat
Then
And la
Then r
Quod
I hope
That v
To all
His pro
That t
They t

97

C
Ze unde
In phy

Ze wald accuse me of a cryme,
Almaist befor we met,
Torment zou not befor the tyme,
Since dolour pays nae det,
Quhats bypast that I past,
Ze wot gif it was weil,
To cum zit by dume zit,
Confess ze haif nae feil.

95 Zit, quod *experience*, quhat then,
Quha may be meitest for the *man*,
Let us his answer haif;
Quhen they submitted them to *me*,
To *reason* I was fain to fie,
His counsell for to craif.
Quod *he*, since ze zoursells submit,
To do as I decreit;
I fall advyse with *skill* and *wit*,
Quhat they think may be meit;
They cryd then, we byde then,
At *reason* for refuge;
Allow him and trow him,
As governour and judge.

96 Then said they all with ane consent,
Quhat he concludes we are content
His bidding to obey;
He hath autoritie to use,
Then tak his choice quhom he will chuse,
And langer not delay:
Then *reason* raise and was rejoyfd;
Quod he, myne hearts cum hidder,
I hope this play may be compofd,
That we may gang togidder;
To all now I fall now
His proper place assign,
That they heir fall say heir,
They think nane uther thing.

97 Come on, quod he, companizon, *skill*,
Ze understand baith gude and ill,
In phylick ze are fyne,

Be mediciner to the man,
 And schaw sic cunning as ze can,
 To put him out of pyne;
 First gaird the grund of all his grief,
 Quhat sicknefs ze suspect,
 Syn luke quhat laiks for his relief,
 Or furder he inseek.
 Comfort him, exhort him,
 Give him zour gude advyce,
 And pance not, nor skance not,
 The perril nor the pryce.

98 Thoch it be cummersom quhat reck,
 Find out the cause by the effect,
 And working of his veins;
 Zit quhyle we grip it to the grund,
 Se first quhat fashon may be fund,
 To pacifie his pains;
 Do quhat ze dow to haif him haile,
 And for that purpose preife,
 Cut aff the cause, the effect maun fail,
 Sae all his sorrows ceife.
 His sever fall nevir
 Frae thencefurth haif a forfs,
 Then urge him to purge him,
 He will not wax the warfe.

99 Quoth *skill*, his fences are *sae sick*,
 I knaw nae liquor worth a leik
 To-quench his deidlie drouth,
 Except the Cherry help his heit,
 Quhais sappie slokning sharp and sweit,
 Micht melt into his mouth,
 And his melancholie remuve,
 To mitigate his mynd,
 Nane hailfomer for his behuve,
 Nor of mair cooling kind.
 Nae Nectar directar,
 Could all the gods him give,
 Nor send him to mend him,
 Nane lyke it I believe.

100
 Quhy
 But h
 Maist
 Zit we
 Quod
 His ha
 Quher
 I wifs
 Quod
 I mein
 The c
 Begin
 Quod

101
 Belyve
 To he
 With
 As chi
 And th
 He par
 And in
 Syne h
 Cum o
 Quhat
 Zon C
 Speik
 Haif d

102
 Much
 I tell
 Quod
 In per
 Owre
 Then,
 Sir, I
 In bra
 Escape

100 For drouth decays, as it digests;
 Quhy then, quod *reason*, naithing rests,
 But how it may be had?
 Maist trew, quod *skill*, that is the scope,
 Zit we maun haif sum help of *hope*.
 Quod *danger* I am red;
 His hastyness bred us mishap;
 Quhen he is highlie horst;
 I wifs we lukit or we lap.
 Quod *wit*, that wer not warst.
 I mein now conveyin now
 The counsell ane and all,
 Begin then, call in then;
 Quod *reason*, sae I fall.

101 Then *reason* raise with gesture grave,
 Belyve conveyin all the lave,
 To heir quhat they wald say,
 With silver scepter in his hand,
 As chiftain chosen to command,
 And they bent to obey.
 He panfed lang befor he spak,
 And in a studie stude,
 Syne he began and silenss brak,
 Cum on, quod he, conclude
 Quhat way now we may now
 Zon Cherrie cum to catch,
 Speik out Sirs, about Sirs,
 Haif done, let us dispatch.

102 Quoth *courage*, skurge him first that skars,
 Much musing memorie but mars,
 I tell zou myne intent.
 Quod *wit*, quha will not partlie panse,
 In perils perishes perchanse,
 Owre rackles may repent.
 Then, quod *experience*, and spak,
 Sir, I haif sein them baith,
 In braidieness and lye aback,
 Escape and cum to skaith:

But quhat now of that now,
 Sturt follows all extreame;
 Retain then the mein then,
 The surest way it seems.

103 Quhair sum has futterd, sum has faild;
 Quhair part has perisht, part prevaild,
 Alyke all cannot luck;
 Then owther venture with the anc,
 Or with the uther let alane,
 The Cherrie for to pluck.
 Quod *houpe*, for feir folk maun not fast,
 Quod *danger* let not licht;
 Quod *wit*, be nowther rude nor rash;
 Quod *reason* ze haif richt:
 The rest then thocht best then,
 Quhen reason said it sae,
 That roundlie and foundlie
 They suld togidder gae.

104 To get the Cherrie in all hast,
 As for my fastie serving maist,
 Tho *dreid* and *danger* feird,
 The perril of that irksom way,
 Lest that thairby I sould decay,
 Quha then sae weak appeird:
 Zit *hope* and *courage* hard besyde,
 Quha with them wont contend,
 Did tak in hand us all to gyde,
 Unto our journeyes end,
 Implaidging and waidging
 Baith twa thair lyves for myne,
 Provyding the gyding
 To them were granted syne.

105 Then *dreid* and *danger* did appeal,
 Alledging it could neir be weil,
 Nor zit wald they agrie;
 But said they sould found thair retreit,
 Because they thocht them nae ways meit
 Conducters unto me;

Nor to no man in myne estate,
With sickness fair opprest;
For they tuke ay the neirest gate,
Omitting of the best.

Thair neirest perqueirest,
Is always to them baith,
Quair they, Sir, may say, Sir,
Quhat recks them of zour skaith.

106 But as for us twa now we sweir
Be him befor we maun appeir,
Our full intent is now
To haif ze hale, and always was,
That purpose for to bring to pass,
Sae is not thairs I trow:
Then *hope* and *courage* did attest,
The gods of baith these parts,
Gif they wrocht not all for the best
Of me with upricht hearts:
Our chistain then listan
His scepter did enjoyn
Nae moir thair uproir there;
And sae there stryf was done.

107 Rebuiking dreid and danger fair,
Suppose they meint weil evirmair
To me, as they had sworn;
Because thair nibours they abusit,
In swa far as they had accusit
Them, as ze hard befor.
Did he not els, quod he, consent
The *Cherrie* for to pou?
Quod *danger*, we are weil content,
But zit the manner how?
We fall now, evin all now,
Get this *man* with us thair,
It rests then, ands best then
Zour counsell to declair.

108 Weil said, quod *hope* and *courage*, now
We thairto will accord with zou,

And

And fall abyde by them;
 Lyk as befoir we did submit,
 Sae we repeat the samyn zit,
 We mynd not to reclaime:
 Quhome they fall chuse to gyde the way,
 We fall them follow straight,
 And furder this man, quhat we may,
 Because we haif sae hecht;
 Promitting, bot sitting,
 To do the thing we can,
 To pleise baith, and eise baith
 This silly sickly man.

109 Quhen *reason* heard this, then, quod he,
 I se zour cheifest stay to be,
 That we haif namd nae gyde:
 The worthy counsell hath therfoir,
 Thocht gude that *witt* suld gae befoir,
 For perrills to provyde.
 Quod *witt*, ther is but ane of thre,
 Quhilk I fall to ze schaw,
 Quhair of the first twa cannot be,
 For ony thing I know:
 The way heir sae stey heir,
 Is that we cannot clim,
 Evin owre now, we four now,
 That will be hard for him.

110 The next, gif we gae doun about,
 Quhyle that this bend of craigs rin out,
 The streim is thair sae stark,
 And also passeth waiding deip,
 And braider far than we dow leip,
 It suld be ydle wark:
 It grows ay braider to the sea,
 Sen owre the lin it came,
 The rinning deid dois signifie
 The deipness of the same:
 I leive now to deive now,
 How that it swiftly flyds,

As f
 But

111
 Quh
 It is
 The
 We f
 With
 For a
 Aft o
 Sae l
 Forth
 Quho
 Ze ma
 As zo
 Exper

112
 And a
 I ken
 Quod
 Quod
 And fl
 Witt a
 Sall ga
 The n
 Into th
 Attow
 Sall cu
 Procei
 Ilk utl

113
 Nane v
 Our co
 As of d
 We fa
 God b
 For ev
 Quhill

As sleiping and creiping,
But nature sae provyds.

111 Our way then lyes about the lin,
Quhairby I warrand we sall win,
It is sae straight and plain,
The water allso is sae schald,
We sall it pass, evin as we wald,
With plefour, and bot pain:
For as we se a mischeif grow
Ast of a feckles thing,
Sae lykways dois this river flow
Forth of a prettie spring;
Quhois throt, Sir, I wot, Sir,
Ze may stab with zour neive,
As zou, Sir, I trow, Sir,
Experience can preive.

112 That, quod *experience*, I can
And all ze said sen ze began,
I ken to be a truth.
Quod *skill*, the samyn I apruve;
Quod *reason*, then let us remuve,
And sleip nae mair in sleuth:
Witt and *experience*, quod he,
Sall gae befor a pace,
The *man* sall cum with *skill* and *me*
Into the second place;
Attowre now zou four now
Sall cum into a band,
Proceeding and leiding
Ilk uther be the hand.

113 As *reason* ordert, all obeyd,
Nane was owre rasch, nane was affrayd,
Our counsell was sae wyse,
As of our journey, *witt* did note,
We fand it trew in ilka jot,
God blis the enterpryse:
For evin as we came to the tree,
Quhilk as ze heard me tell,

Could

Could not be clum thair suddenlie,
 The fruit, for rypeness, fell;
 Quhilk haisting and taisting,
 I fand my self reliev'd
 Of cairs all and fairs all
 That mynd and body griev'd.

114 Praise be to God my **LORD** thairfor,
 Quha did myne helth to me restoir,
 Being sae lang tyme pynd;
 And blessed be his haly name,
 Quha did frae deith to lyfe reclaim,
 Me quha was sae unkynd.
 All nations allso magnifie
 This evirliving **LORD**,
 Lat me with zou, and zou with me,
 To laud him ay accord;
 Quhois luv ay we pruve ay
 To us abune all things,
 And kifs him and blifs him,
 Quhois glore eternall rings.

6 MA 50

F I N I S.